THYESTES
A Tragedy,

Translated out of

SENECA:

To which is Added

MOCK-THYESTES,

IN

BURLESQUE.

By *J. W.* Gent.

——— *Miscentur seria Ludis.*

LONDON,
Printed by *T. R.* and *N. T.* for *Allen Banks*, at *St. Peter's* Head in *White-Fryars*, 1674.

TO THE

Right Honourable, *Bennet* LORD *Sherard.*

MY LORD,

A *Part of Old* Seneca *presents it self by my Hand to your Lordships Patronage. I should justly blush at such a mean Return to your Lordships many Favours, had I not read how the* Spanish *Monarch, who Commands the* Indies, *accepts the* Biscains *Homage in the worthless Present of a few* Maravidis, *nor is the Gift ungrateful to him, since it speaks Subjection: In like manner my* Lord, *my only Ambition in this Dedication is to appear your Servant. I know your Lordships Goodness will pardon my Confident Address: 'Tis that Obliging Nature, so radicated in the* Sherards, *that Commands the hearts of all men: 'Tis that which makes your Country truly Yours. And thus my* Lord, *you serve his Majesty both with your own and their Affections. Such is your*

generous English *way of true endearment. But I must despair to speak your full worth in the narrow limits of a few Pages; Should I attempt to blazon your just value, it would extend this small Epistle to a Volume, and swell this little Volume to a Folio. The following Papers I submit to your free Censure; And if they prove so happy to attain any Degree in your Lordships favour, I shall despise the malice of all our little Critiques, who never exposing any thing of their own, (and so in no danger of Retaliation) make it their business to pique at every thing is published. But how e're this* Book *Succeeds, the Authors chief happiness is above their prejudice, which is, to be*

My Lord,
Your Lordships most Humble, and
most Obedient Servant,

John Wright.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHether Seneca *the* Philoſopher (*to whoſe Pen ſome abſcribe Three other* Tragedy's) *was the Original* Author *of this alſo*, or *ſome other* Seneca, *I know not*: *nor is it material*; *ſince* Henſius *eſteems it* Nulli cæterarum inferior. *Let it ſuffice that the* Author, *in many places, appears much a* Stoick, *and ſuch was the* Philoſopher. *The following Tranſlation was Writ many Years ſince*, *though Corrected, and rendred into ſomething a more Faſhionable Garb then its firſt Dreſs*, *at*

the Intervals *of a more profitable* Study *laſt long* Vacation. *And to a few ſuch Idle Hours muſt I attribute the enſuing* Farce, *which way of* Paſs-time *was much more agreeable to my* Humor, *then the continual Glut of Ale and Tobacco, the ordinary Entertainment of* vacant *time in the Country. I confeſs it is not now very* Modiſh *to* Tranſlate *any thing of this Nature from the* Latine, *when there are ſo many* French Play's *to be had, and thoſe ſo well Accepted. Our* Modern Dramatiques *preſent us with greater* Idæa's *both of Vice and Vertue: Yet* Ben: Johnſon *thought a conſiderable part of* Seneca's Thyeſtes *not improper for the* Engliſh Stage *in his time, when he took moſt of* Sylla's Ghoſt *from hence, and ſo well*

ap-

approved of this way of Introduction, *that he ſerved himſelf of it not only in his* Tragedy *of* Cateline, *but alſo in his* Devill's an Aſs, *a* Comedy, *where he makes a* Pug *his* Home d' Intrigue *I know alſo how much the* Atreus *and* Thyeſtes *of* Seneca *hath been out-done by our own* Fletchers, Rollo, *and* Otto: *Yet I am confident the Compariſon will not be ungrateful to them that perceive, in many particulars the* Drama *of this Age to excell that of* Seneca, *as much as his was Improved from the time when* Theſpis, *who firſt offer'd at* Tragedy *lead his Originall of Actors about the Country in a Cart, which ſerved them both for a Conveyance and a Stage. So homely are all Foundations, though of the faireſt Building. Marginal Notes Explanato-*

natory of the Poetique Fictions, I have purpoſely omitted, as Impertinent, knowing that moſt of thoſe who uſe this ſort of Reading do either ſufficiently underſtand, or deſpiſe thoſe little Miſteries of Obſolete Poetry. For thoſe other few who ſtill reliſh ſuch Chapon Bovilli, *I only commend 'em to the next Dictionary, and that will give 'em ample Satisfaction. For a like Reaſon, I forbear to Pall the Story with the thing call'd an Argument, the No-Plot of theſe old* Tragedy's *being ſufficiently Intelligible, and ſo little needing a* Clue, *that rather there wants more* Labyrinth.

To

To my Worthy Friend, Mr. Jo. Wright, *on his Tranſlation of* Thieſtes, *with the* Traveſtie.

DId *Seneca* now live, himſelf would ſay
That your Tranſlation has not wrong'd his *Play*;
But that in every Page, in every Line,
Your Language do's with equal ſplendor ſhine.
His *Roman* Habit, and your *Engliſh* Dreſs
Themſelves with a like Elegance expreſs

Nor

r from your praiſe will it at all detract
To ſay the *Tragedy*'s unfit to Act.
And that thoſe *Playes* can never pleaſe the Age,
That hope for no Acquaintance with the Stage:
For to all thoſe that judges are of Wit,
Fancy it ſelf a *Theatre* will fit.
Each Scene expoſe to that Interior Eye,
And all the want of Actors too ſupply.
She can without expence of Treaſure raiſe
New Structures ſtill to fit our ſeveral Playes,
For which but at the charges of a thought,
Nature's and Arts embelliſhments are bought
Her Scenes, tho' they exiſt but in the mind,
Are ever fram'd to what the Play deſign'd.
Nor is ſhe forc'd by Scarcity to make
A trifling Buffoon the *Regalia* take:
Conſtraining none whom Nature has deſign'd,
Only to Ape a Fool, againſt his kind,

To

To mannage Scepters; leſt he ſhould appear
With his ridiculous *Grimaces* where
Thoſe looſe Impertinences have no ſhare.
Thus every Requiſite is fitted ſo
That no diſlike can from the Action grow:
And her *Ideal Theater* appears
With all the Luſtre that attends on theirs.
Pleaſant *Scarron*, whoſe *Mock-Æneas* made
Virgil himſelf ſmile at the *Maſquerade*;
Too much beyond his power, did juſtly fear
Would *prove* the Works of our *Tragdian* here.
But what he fear'd may now your Glory prove
Whoſe *Quill* runs free where his durſt never move:
And like the Sword that cur'd the wounds it gave,
Makes us ſuch pleaſure, ſo much laughter have,

After

After the *Paſſions* it had made us ſhare!
That 'tis but Reaſon to maintain you are
Favour'd in *Verſe* with *Ovid*'s happy *Muſe*,
Whoſe Wit did with Succeſs all *Subjects* uſe.

O: Salusbury.

The Authors Abſence not permitting his Inſpection, the Preſs hath ſuffered many Errors: of which the moſt Material are,

Page 5. line 4. deleatur period (.) p. 12. l. 4. read Sun. p. 18. l. 5. r. fortify. p. 20. l. 10. r. Let. p. 21. l. 17. r. vext p. 29. l. 6. r. Envoy p. 34. l. 6. r. doc p. 38. l. 2. r. with p. 41. l. 5. r. till it I left p. 50. l. 15. r. credit p. 51. l. 1. r. Brother p. 55. l. 15. r. Clotho p. 59. l. 3. r. yet p. 64. l. 8. r. vext p. 68. l. 6. r. No p. 69. l. 15. r. can hell p. 72. l. 17. r. Dews p. 73. l. 10. read No p. 74. l. 13. r. Belt p. 79. l. 1. r. Ho there p. 86. l. 9. r. Convex p. 89. l. ult. r. this p. 91. l. ult. r. gobets p. 93. l. 15. r. doth p. 96. l. 3. r. You'r vext l. 7. r. I Ignorant. p. 99. l. 10. r. On then p. 110. l. 13. r. Cooks p. 105. l. 14. r. he. p. 110. l. 1. r. two p. 114. l. 7. r. Cuckoldry p. 126. l. 3. r. Creature p. 133. l. 9. r. Scribbellers p. 134. l. 1. r. Act 3. In the Epilogue l. 4. r. and as a Jeſt. l. 10. r. Farce.

Dramatis Perſonæ,

Tantalus's Ghoſt.

Megæra.

Atreus, King of *Argos.*

Thyeſtes, his Brother.

Pliſthenes, his Son.

Two other Sons of *Thyeſtes*, *Mutes.*

A Servant, Attendant to *Atreus.*

Nuntius.

Chorus of *Argives.*

The Scene.

ARGOS:

PROLOGUE
To the Reader.

Wits, and Wit-Triers, who some Criticks *Name*
Writers of Play's, *and Dammers of the same,*
Advance not farther then this Page; *beware,*
Since all that follows is Irregular.
For though this thing a Tragedy *is stil'd,*
'Tis free from Plot *as any Sucking Child.*
Nor Love, nor Honour here the Author show'd:
Nay, what is worse, no Bawd'ry A-la-mode.
No Amorous Song, nor a more Amorous Jigg,
Where Misses *Coats twirl like a Whirlegig,*
And such who next the Lamps themselves dispose,
Think thus to recompence the stink of those,
While she that Dances jilts the very eyes,
Allowing only these Discoveri's
A neat silk Leg, and pair of Holland Thighs.
Methinks I see some mighty Wit o'th Town
At this Express a most judicious frown,
And huff it thus (cocking his Caudubec)
S---What a Devil then must we expect?
Have patience, and I'le tell You what you shall
Meet here that's still in use Dramaticall.
High Lines, and Rime enough Sirs Ye shall have,
And Sentences most desperately Grave,
Dull Sence, and sometimes Huffs that Nature brave.
And ('cause we cannot easily print a Dance)
A Farce i'th end ont, A-la-mode-de-France.

THY.

THYESTES.

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ACT. I.

TANTALUS. MEGÆRA.

WHich of th' Infernal Powers doth thus compel
The wretched *Tantalus* to leave his Hell?
And, as a higher Damnation, shew again
That World where Bodies yet alive remain?
Is ought found worse than thirsty to abide
In Streams, and Hunger never satisfy'd?
Must I have *Sisyphus* his Stone, or feel
The giddy Torments of *Ixions* VVheel?

Or shall to me *Tytius* 's pains succeed,
On whose Immortal Liver Vultures feed:
For night repairing what was lost by day,
He a fresh Monster lies, and perfect Prey.
What Plague comes next? O thou who dost on those
That suffer'd have the Old, New Pains impose,
Remorseless Judg of Souls who er'e you be,
Add if thou canst, add to my misery.
Invent such horrid Torments that shall make
Hells Porter fear, and the dark Regions quake.
Nay more my self affright. Springing from me
Doth now arise a Monstrous Progeny.
Me their Progenitor they shall out-act
In wickedness, and guiltless make my fact
with

With Crimes unknown, and truly theirs.
Each place
That's void in Hell, I'le furniſh with my
Race.
While our Houſe ſtands, *Minos* ſhall have
no need
Of other Clyents. ——
Meg. Curſed Shade, proceed.
Their hated Boſoms with new fury fill.
And make them ſtrive which ſhall ſurpaſs
in Ill.
Let an alternate Rage their Souls inflame:
Such a blind Rage that knows nor Mean
nor ſhame.
Let the firſt Root of wickedneſs in Thee
Grow to perfection in thy Progeny.
Nor let their Souls find leiſure to repent
A paſt offence; but ſtill new Crimes invent:
Doubling their Guilt under their Puniſh-
ment.

Unſetled be their Throne, and ſhort their
Reign:
While giddy fortune gives them Crowns in
vain.
Let her the Baniſh't raiſe to Soveraign place.
And Kings to the ſame Baniſhment debaſe.
With conſtant trouble let their Kingdom
burn.
And when the guilty Exiles ſhall return,
Let them afreſh to their old miſchiefs fall,
As hateful to themſelves, as unto All.
Let Rage think nought unlawful to be done.
Let Brother, Brother fear; Mother the Son,
And Son the Mothers wrath. Let Chil-
dren dye
By wicked hands, others more wickedly
Be born. Let Wife her Husband kill. And
may
They or'e the Seas their Enmity convey.

Let

Let effus'd bloud this and all Lands disdain.
Let conquering Lust over great Captains
Reign
In their abhorred Courts. Let whoredom be
Counted no crime. Let hence Right, Amity,
And all accord of the same bloud be gone.
And may their crimes reach Heaven; for
when the Sun
Smiles on the world with an unclouded Ray
Let horrid Night ecclips the face of Day.
Fright hence their Houshold-Gods weak
Ayd; and fill
Their Place with Hate, death, murder,
every Ill.
Be all this house with Garlands now array'd
And genial fires, to speak thy welcome,
made.
Then let the Inhumanity of *Thrace*
Out-acted be on this more guilty Place.

Doth yet the Uncle Innocent remain?
Nor Father yet lament his Children slain?
When shall their Limbs be from the Kitchin serv'd
Up to the Table, and in slices carv'd?
Let th' Uncles hearths blush with his Nephews bloud:
Whiles feasts are made; Feasts furnisht with such food
As is no Novelty to Thee. Behold
This day is thine, here banquet uncontrould.
Now thy long fasting to the full requite.
Mingled with *Bacchus* gift, this day, in sight
Of thee, shall thine own blood be drunk. I now
Such dyet have invented as even thou,
Thou *Tantalus* wouldst fly. Already? stay,
Whether thus head-long dost thou force thy way?

Tan. To the Infernal Lakes, and Streams that slip,
When I would drink, from my deluded Lip:
Back to the cheating Fruit I fly again.
Let me return to my old Place and pain.
Why am I stay'd? If I too happy seem,
Gladly I'le change my banks: And to thy Stream
O *Phlegethon* let me be ever bound,
In waves of fire, while I both burn and dround.
Who er'e thou art that dost tormented lye
By the decree of severe Destiny:
Who er'e thou art, trembling and terrify'd
Under a ruinous Cave that dost abide,
Or fear'st a falling Mountains ponderous side.

VVho er'e thou art, whether thou feareſt more
The *Fury*'s Laſh, or hungry Lyons roar:
VVho er'e thou art who doſt, half burnt defend
Thy ſelf from flying brands, the Voice attend
Of *Tantalus* returning, credit me
VVho am experienc'd, Love your Miſery:-
VVhen ſhall I fly the hated Light?
Meg. Engage
Thou firſt this houſe in diſcord, and wars Rage:
VVar, ſo much lov'd of Kings in every Age.
Thus fire their Salvage breaſts. ——
Tan. Fates angry doom
I de ſuffer not inflict: behold I come

Like

Like a dire-Vapour that has cleft the Ground,
Or a ſad Peſtilence diſperſing round
Infection through th'affrighted world. — Muſt I
To ſuch black Crimes my Nephews hearts apply?
Great King and Parent of the Deities,
And Ours, although it ſhames thee, Ours likewiſe;
My Tongue will not forbear her Office, though
She double Torments for it undergo——
Your hands and Altars with ſuch damn'd Offence
Profane not: here I'le ſtand, and guard it hence.——

VVhy

VVhy fright'ſt thou me with threatned blows? what makes
Thee menace thus with thy contorted Snakes?
VVhy doſt increaſe my hunger? Oh my heart
Burns with new Thirſt: Fire feeds on every part.
I follow thee.

Meg. Seeds of Revenge and hate
Sow in this houſe. Let this, this be their fate,
That imitating thee their Sire they, now
May thirſt each others blood as water thou.
The houſe thy preſence feels; behold, no leſs
Then the whole Fabrique ſhakes at thy acceſs.

'Tis

'Tis acted to the full. Now sink to Hell
Thy proper Place, and Rivers known too well:
Earth's burthen'd with thy weight. Dost not perceive
The Springs shrink inward, and their Fountains leave
The wind, 'gainst nature hot, few Clouds doth bear
Trees blasted at thy sight, naked appear,
Their fruit and leaves fall'n off. Two Neighbouring Seas
This *Isthmos* doth divide, seest thou how these
At thy sight ebbing do augment their shore,
And at a new unusual distance Roar.
Lerna shrinks back, *Inachus* in full speed
Sees thee, and stops his Course: nor doth proceed

Alphaus

Alphæus ſacred wave. *Citheron*'s head
Is white no more, his ſnowy *Peruque* fled.
Such Thirſt as *Argos* underwent of old
Is fear'd again. The Son himſelf, behold,
Doubts to go on and mend the fainting Light,
Or the world bury in perpetual Night.

Chorus, Of *Argives*.

If any of the Powers Above
Doth ſtill *Achaian Argo's* love,
Piſa's aſpiring Turrets, and
The Kingdoms of this neck of Land;
If our Twin-Ports and ſever'd Seas
Do any bleſt Immortal pleaſe:
Or tall *Taygetus* (whoſe Snows
Congeal to Ice when *Boreas* blows,

But thaw again when milder weather
Brings the rich Eastern Traffique hither.
At whose foot clear *Alphæus* flows
Renoun'd for the *Olympick* shows:
Hear us propitious Heaven, and bless
Us from Alternate-wickedness;
Let not the Nephews greater be
Then Grandsire in Impiety:
Nor this succeeding Age invent
Crimes which the former never meant.
May now at length the Progeny
Of thirsty *Tantalus* agree,
As weary'd into Peace again:
Discord hath had too long a Reign.
Guilt nought avails, nor Innocence;
Both alike punisht as Offence.

Such faith as to his Lord he bare
False * *Myrtilus* found from his Heir,

* *Myrtilus* Charioteer to *Oenomaus* King of *Argos*, was by *Pelops* corrupted to betray his Masters Life in a Chariot-Race. By this means *Pelops* not only won the Race, but his Mistress, whom *Oenomaus* her Father had appointed the fair Prize of such a Conquest: But *Pelops*, now his Son in Law and Successor, allow'd the Treacherous *Myrtilus* no other Reward then to be cast into the Neighbouring Sea, from thence called *Mare Myrtoum*.

Waves gave him death, and to the same
He in Exchange did give his Name.
No story better known then this
To the *Ionian* Sayler is.
Thy Infant-Son met death, while he
Did run to meet a kiss from thee;
Inhumane Parent; *Tantalus*,
Too immaturely falling thus
A Sacrifice; each part of him
Thy hand cut out, and cook'd each Limb;

To

To make a curſed Feaſt of theſe
For the abhorring Deity's.
Hunger they gave for this Repaſt,
And thirſt that ſhall for ever laſt:
Nor could a fitter Pain have been
For the Offender or the Sin.
Deluded *Tantalus* remains
Still vext with Hungers innate Pains;
Rich-laden boughs hang neer his ſight,
Swifter then Birds of ſtrongeſt flight;
Theſe ſtoop to meet his Lips, but then
Mock his ſtretch't Jaws, and riſe again,
Often abus'd with this deceit,
He now neglects the tempting Cheat:
And though impatient of delay,
Turns his ſad eye another way,
And ſhuts his empty mouth again
Confining there fierce hungers pain.

Her

Her Wealth the Tree then lower bends,
And the insulting Fruit descends,
At this his Appetite revives;
But when once more he vainly strives
To reach the boughs, once more they rise;
And all the Autumn upward fly's.
Now Thirst, great as his hunger is,
Succeeds; when his Veins burn with this
He Courts the passing VVaves while they
Are by their Current forc'd away.
Their empty Channel these forsake,
And him that strives to overtake:
VVho snatching at the flying Floud
In greedy hast drinks sand and Mud.

ACT.

ACT. II.

Atreus, a Servant.

DUll Coward that I am! fenceleſs! (and what
I count in Majeſty the greateſt Blot)
O unreveng'd! Do I, when Crimes ſo great
Are by a Brother acted, ſuch Deceit,
Such breach of Juſtice, poorly thus in vain
My Anger ſpeak? and nothing but complain?
All *Argos* now in Arms ſhould own my ſide,
And my proud Navy on theſe Twin-Seas Ride.
Country and Town ſhould with my fire-ings ſhine,
And brighter then thoſe flames this ſword of mine.

Then let this Land groan with our Cavalry:
Let not our Foe in the Woods sculking lye,
Nor on the Hills securely fortifie.
Empty be *Argos* wals, in numerous swarms,
While all her People cry to Arms, to Arms.
Who hides his head, thinking it so to save,
May he for ever hide it in the Grave.
Let Renown'd *Pelops* House upon me fall,
So it my Brothers Ruine prove withall.
Courage my Soul! something thou now must act,
All Ages shall report, none praise the fact:
A Crime that so transendant wicked is,
My Brother shall in Envy wish it his.

His Vilany is not reveng'd unleſs
Out-done: But what can paſs his wickedneſs?
Doth Exile humble him? did ever he
Embrace a Mean when in Proſperity,
Or reſt content when low? I him for one
Not to be tamed, ſufficiently have known:
Broke he may be, not bent. Aſſault him then
Before he thee aſſaults, or leavy's men;
Kill or be kill'd: this offer'd is alike
To both, but hee's moſt ſafe who firſt ſhall ſtrike.

Ser. Fear you not, Sir, the Peoples Tongues? *Atr.* Not I:
For this I count a Kings chief Royalty,
That his bad Actions, all his Subjects are
By Fear compell'd as well to praiſe, as bear.

Ser. Such who by Fear are Loyal made, ev'n those
Forc'd by that fear do first become your Foes;
But if you would true Glory, Sir, attain,
You o're the heart, and not the Tongue must Reign.

Atr. False Glory have the Great, the Vulgar true.
Let 'em dislike it, so my Will they do.

Ser. Let Kings Command what's honest, and they must.

Atr. Such Kings who only may command what's just
Rule by precarious Power. *Ser.* Yet needs must be
That Throne unsetled, where's nor Piety,
Nor

Nor ſhame of VVrong, nor care of Right, nor Faith.

Atr. Theſe private Virtues are. A Crown who hath
Should know no Law but his own Royal will.

Ser. Can you be guiltleſs and a Brother kill.

Atr. What's on a Brother Villany to act,
On him but Juſtice is. What helliſh Fact
Hath he not try'd? what ſcapes him? he his own
By VVhoredom made my VVife, by Theft my Throne.
By ſuch baſe frauds he gain'd the Antient Signe
Of Soveraign Power, and next this houſe of mine.

A well-known shy-kept Ram, sam'd *Pelops* Fold
Did, his rich Flocks far richer Leader, hold,
A fleece he not of VVool but Gold doth wear,
Scepters of which our new Kings use to bear;
Who hath this hath the Crown: with it the fate
Of our house goes along inseperate. (high
Safe fed this sacred Beast in Meads, which
Fences of stone enclose and fortifie.
This bold attempting Trayter, having made
My Wife a Party, hence that beast convey'd.
From this springs all our mutual strife. Now goes
He through my Kingdoms, and Sedition sowes. VVhere's

Where's he not guilty? he corrupted hath
My Wife, ruin'd my house, and broke his faith;
My Issue's doubtful, nothing sure but this,
That my worst Enemy my Brother is.
VVhy stopst thou *Atreus?* on at length begin
Thy brave Revenge: Courage; mind what has been
By *Tantalus* and *Pelops* done; thine Eye
And hand with [illegible] unto their Deeds apply.
Then say what course in my Revenge is best?

Ser. Let your just sword, Sir, pierce his guilty breast.

Atr. Mild Kings do only kill; You of the end
Of torment speak, I torment do intend.

A!sued-for favour in my Reign shall be
Bare death esteem'd. *Ser.* Moves you no piety?

Atr. Hence thou vain shadow, *Piety*, if thou
VVast ever here? hence, I abjure thee now.
Ye Furies, Hells black Missionaries, let
Me begg your ayd to make my Rage compleat.
Bring here two brands of your Infernal fire;
And in this breast a double hate inspire.

Ser. VVhat frenzie drives you thus to unknown Deeds?

Atr. Such as the common mean of Grief exceeds.
I'de use the worst of Cruelties, but fear
They'd all too slight and innocent appear.

Ser.

Ser. The Sword? *Atr.* A trifle. *Ser.* Fire? *Atr.* A trifle ſtill.

Ser. VVhat Inſtrument ſhall your Revenge fulfill.

Atr. Thyeſtes ſelf. *Ser.* And wrath it ſelf has leſs
Of Plague then him. *Atr.* Horror, I muſt confeſs,
Invades my trembling Soul: I'me forc'd but know
Not whether yet I'me forc'd, and on muſt go.——

Here *Tantalus* and *Megera* are ſuppoſed to paſs over the Stage.

The Center groans; the Heavens in Thunder ſpeak;
And all my houſe cracks as the Roof would break:

The

The Lares turn their looks; be done, be done
This Crime, whose sight the fearful Gods do shun.

Ser. What, Royal Sir, do you at length design?

Atr. I know not what great Act, beyond the Line
Of humane Custome, more then usual swells
My Soul, and forward my slow hand compells:
What 'tis I know not; something great it is ——

[Pauses a while]

Thus let it be; my Soul, resolve on this;

A fit Deed for *Thyeſtes*, and for me.
Let us both act. —— Th' * *Odryſian* houſe did ſee

The Story of *Tereus* King of *Thrace*. See the Metamorphoſis, Lib. 6.

Inhumane feaſts. I grant, the Crime, though high,
Yet hath been done already; ſomething I
Would have as new, as bad. *Progne*! Inſpire,
Thou cruel Parent, in my breaſt the fire
Of thy Revenge. Our cauſe is Parrallel.
Aſſiſt me; and to act my hands compell.
Let the pleas'd Father on his Children feed,
And carve their Limbs. I this, I like indeed.
Tis well; exceeding well. But ith' mean time
Where's he? And I, why ſo long free from Crime?

Me

Methinks I see the Tragick Scene; and how
He eats himself no Father, even now.——
Heart! dost thou faint, before thou hast begun
The Generous Act? It must, it shall be done.
On then; since he in his own person shall
Commit the highest Villany of all.

Ser. But by what Wiles can we e're bring him here,
Whose caution renders him so full of fear?

At. I le bate, then take him, with his own Desires.
He hopes my Crowns; and while he thus aspires
He'd meet a flaming Thunderbolt; for them
The Adriatique Gulf he would contemn;
And pass the Libyck shelves; nay more he will
(Which he esteems of all the greatest Ill)

For

For them his Brother see. *Ser.* Yet who
shall give
The pledg of Peace? or who will he believe?
Atr. Vain hope is credulous. My
Sons shall bear
From me this envy to their Uncles ear,
And sue in wining terms, that he would
leave
His Exile for a Pallace, and receive
A Crown with half my Kingdom. Should
he prove
Obdurate like himself; yet this would move
His children; who in these affairs untaught
And tyred with miseries, are easily caught,
And they'l prevail with him. Love of Rule
here,
His antient frenzie; grief and trouble there,

Though

Though ne're ſo obſtinate will conquer him.

Ser. Time now hath made his ſorrows light to ſeem.

Atr. Time doth augment our miſeries, not cure:

They'r light to ſuffer, heavy to endure.

Ser. Yet find ſome other Meſſengers for this:

Youth to ill counſell prone and docile is.

They may by him to act 'gainſt you be led.

Miſchief oft falls on the Contrivers head.

Atr. No other Tutor than Ambition needs, (Deeds.

To teach 'em fraud and ſuch Nefarious,

Doſt doubt they'l not be wicked made? they be (elty,

So born. And what you think dire Cru-

Is now, perhaps, by him deſigned on me.

Ser.

Ser. Should your Sons know the Plot, their Childhood may
(Unapt for ſecrecy) the ſame betray.

Atr. Silence I've learnt from ſorrows not a few.

Ser. Muſt they be ſtrangers then to what they do?

Atr. Yes: Be they guiltleſs ſtill. I ſee no need
To make my Sons my Partners in the Deed.
We our Revenge will act alone— My mind
Thou now doſt ſhrink from what was firſt deſign'd:
Spare them, ſpare him: Let *Agamemnon* be
And *Menelaus* of my Privicie
In this Affair. Of their Original,
Doubtful as yet, the truth thus find I ſhall.

If they to act their parts unwilling seem,
And grieve at our Dissention, calling him
Their Uncle, he their Father is. —— Well go
They shall: but about what they must not know:
Their dubious face will what's within reveal:
Therefore from them, and all else, this conceal.

Ser. Sir, I conceive this needs not; Faith and fear,
But chiefly Faith will closely keep it here.

Chorus.

At length the happy time occurs
That reconciles the Successors

Of

Of Royal *Inachus*. What made
Ye thus each others Life invade,
Unkindly equal Brothers, why
Sought ye a Crown in such Impiety?
Greatness ye do not rightly prize;
Nor know in what a Kingdom lyes.
Riches cannot inaugurate
A King, nor *Tyrian* Robes of State,
Nor Diadems, nor Roofs that may
With Golden frets out-shine the day;
He is a King whose mind is free
From every Passions tyranny;
Whom, not th'inconstant Vulgars praise,
Nor impotent Ambition, sways.
Such is the man whose richer breast
Contemns the Treasures of the West;
Tagus bright Sands, he doth despise,
And *Lybia's* wealthy Graneries.

Whose Soul no terror feels when *Jove*
Dischargeth Lightning from above.
Or when the *Adriatique* waves
Swell to the Clouds, and *Eurus* raves,
His great heart shakes or shrinks no more
Then doth the Neighbouring Rocks or shore.
Whose Noble soul, nor sword, nor spear
Can subject to unmanly fear.
He plac'd in a secure Estate,
Looks down on all those sports of Fate,
Grandure and Triumphs, and sees there,
How much below his thoughts they are.
Nor will he murmur at his End,
But meet pale death and call him friend.
None of those Kings can him infest,
The scatter'd *Dacæ* who molest;

Or

Or who by that Red Sea abide
With Pearls enrich'd and beautifi'd;
Him the *Armenian* cannot harm,
Who ſo confides in his own Arm,
He ſlites th' advantage of his hills;
Nor *German*, who when winter chills
Other mens veins, ſports on the Ice;
Nor *Seres* clad in ſilks of price.
His Kingdom is within: No force
He needs to keep his Crown, of Horſe;
No need of Swords, or ſhafts whereby
The *Parthians* Conquer when they fly;
No need of the *Baliſta's* ayde
The walls with Battery to Invade.
VVho fears not is a King. And he
That will, may have this Royaltie.
While he that loves Ambitions pains,
On the Courts ſlippery top remains;

Let me ſweet Peace enjoy: content
I am to live where none frequent:
There ſhall I fill my longing breaſt
VVith the ſtill bleſſings of ſoft Reſt,
Free from their Knowledg great who are,
Free from the noiſe of buſineſs, there
I le taſt my Life, and thus ſhall I
Rich in an humble fortune dye.
But heavy doth that death befall
To him, who too much known to all
By fame of his great honours paſt,
Dyes to himſelf unknown at laſt.

ACT.

ACT III.

Enter *Thyestes*, *Plisthenes*, and his Two other Sons.

My Countrys long'd for sight I now possess;
The greatest good that can sad Exiles bless.
My Native Soil, and Country-gods I see;
(If Gods they are who so neglected me;)
I see the towrs the *Cyclops* work that are,
No Mortal can raise structures half so fair.
Oft with applause have I at that fam'd place
In *Pelops* Royal Chariot won the Race.
Me the whole Town will meet returning home;
Nay *Atreus* too, whose sight I hate, will come.

Then let me back again to woods obſcure,
And wiſh the Beaſts a life like theirs endure.
A Crowns falſe ſplendor ſhall not me enflame:
Mind not the Gift, but him that gives the ſame.
Chearful I was when in a low Eſtate:
Now I from Exile am recall'd, and Fate
Doth ſmile, I'me ſad. Something within doth cry,
Turn back again: I move unwillingly.

Pliſthenes (aſide.)

VVhat means my Father thus his pace to ſlack?
He ſeems much unreſolv'd, and oft looks back.

Thy.

Thy. Why do I waver thus? why do I ſtrain
My wits, and dwell on that which is ſo plain?
Shall I Two ſuch uncertain things as are
My Brother, and a Kingdom truſt? and fear
Thoſe Ills which time doth now familiar make?
And my commodious ſufferings forſake?
My former Life, though wretched, pleaſeth me:
Then let me back retire, while yet I'me free.

Pliſt. Dear Sir, why turn you from your Countrys ſight? (flight?
And why ſuch Royal Preſents do you
Your Brothers wrath is ended, he to you
Offers a Peace, and half his Kingdom too.

You to your ſelf he will reſtore. *Thy.* A kind (mind.
Of ſtrange and unknown Terror chills my
No cauſe I have, yet fear. I much deſire
Forward to go, yet forc'd am to retire.
So have I ſeen a raging ſtorm prevail
Againſt a ſhip, ſpight of her Oar and Sail.

Pliſt. Contemn ſuch idle fears, think how at your (dure.
Courted Return you'l have a Kings Gran-

Thy. That, having power of my own Life, I've got.

Pliſt. Power's the chief thing. *Thy.* Nothing if valued not.

Pliſt. It may deſcend to us. *Thy.* Two cannot ſway
One Scepter——

Pliſt.——Who'd not happy be that may?

Thy.

Thy. Believe me Greatneſs is an empty
Name:
And hard Fate's vainly fear'd. Since firſt I
came
Unto a Throne, till it left, I ner'e
Was free, but even mine own Guards did
fear.
How ſweet it is, to live from ſtrife ſecure,
To feed on Diſhes wholſom though but
poor!
The humble Cottage knows not villany,
And ſlender dyet is from Poyſon free:
That's drunk in Plate. With good expe-
rience I
Approve the low eſtate above the high.

* I own no Caſtles that on hills do ſtand,
And from that height the neigbouring
Towns command:

* Here *Seneca* by a kind of Antecroniſm, taxeth the *Romans* in his Age, in their Buildings, Feaſts, Baths, &c. of which particulars ſee at large, *Seneca*'s Epiſtles 122.

No Ivory frets adorn my roof: and when
I ſleep I'me guarded by no Halbert-men;
With no whole fleet I fiſh: No Rampiers I
Build to preſcribe the Sea: Nor banquet by
The Lands Oppreſſion: Nor beyond the
Gete
Or *Parthian* have I Lands as rich as great:
I'me not adord ſtead of neglected *Jove*:
Nor doth my Pallace roof ſupport a Grove:
I have no Baths like Seas: nor do I chooſe
The day for ſleep, the night for drinking
uſe.

Yet

Yet in my abject fortune am secure
Without a guard, and fearless being poor;
In it I meet content, and to have this
Without a Kingdom, the best Kingdom is.

Plist. But when the gods to us a Crown commit
We should not slight the Gift——

Thy. ——— Nor covet it.

Plist. That you would Reign your Brother doth desire.

Thy. Doth he? that raiseth my suspition higher.

Plist. True Piety from whence she fled doth use
Back to return, and her lost strength renews.

Th. Atreus his Brother love? first *Arctos* (will
Set in the waves; *Sicilian* Seas be still;

In

In the *Ionian* Ocean Corn will grow;
Darkneſs will ſhine, before he will do ſo:
Firſt fire with water, wind with waves, and Life
With death, will enter League, and end their ſtrife.

Pliſt. What fraud ſuſpect you? *Thy.* All,
Nor can I ſee
What not to doubt from ſuch an Enemy.

Pliſt. How can his Pow'r hurt you? *Thy.* Me? I deſpiſe
His Rage: Ye only cauſe my jealouſies.

Pliſt. Fear you deceit when in the Trap? we are
Cautious too late when taken in the ſnare
Then let us on.——

Thy. ——Witneſs ye gods to this;
I follow them, I lead 'em not amiſs.

Pliſt.

Plist. Fearleſs let us proceed. Proſper th' event (tent.
Kind Heaven, let it be good as is th' In-

Enter *Atreus*, Attended.

Atr. At length the Game which I ſo long have ſaught, (*aſide*)
VVith all his Breed, in my ſpread Toils is caught.
I have him now; and with him my deſire.
Behold *Thyeſtes* comes, he comes intire.
My or'e-joyd ſoul will temper ſcarce admit,
Nor my unbroke fierce Paſſion know the Bit;
So when the *Umbrian* Lime-hound through the field
Hunts on a Trayl; and in a Leaſh is held;
VVhilſt he perceives the Game far off to be
Silent and ſtanch on the dead Scent runs he:

But

But when the Quarry's nigh, his geſture
ſpeaks
The welcome News; ſtiff doth he draw,
and breaks
From his ſlow Maſter's hand. Rage never
cou'd
Take a Diſguize when once her ayme was
blood;
Yet mine ſhall. — Look: do but obſerve
him there
How his wild ſuperfluities of Hair
Hang rudely or'e his ſad dejected Eyes:
His Beard too, how undecently it lyes.

[goes to *Thyeſtes*.

Brother, i've paſt my Faith: doubt me
no more.
Your deareſt ſight doth my loſt joyes re-
ſtore.

Bleſs me with your ſo coveted Embrace.
Henceforth, all Enmity let us diſplace
From our abuſed breaſts; and entertain
The Piety of Brothers once again.

Thy. Your Goodneſs, Sir, is of ſuch force, I can't
Frame an Excuſe; but all my fault muſt grant.
Your Goodneſs makes me worſe appear, one who (too
Have wrong'd a Brother, and a Brother (
So eminent for generous Love as you.

[Kneels.

I who ne're did, do weeping, you implore:
And with theſe hands that never beg'd before (pleaſe
Thus humbly ſupplicate that you would to pardon all; and for my faith take theſe,
Theſe Infant Hoſtages: —— *Atr.*

Atr. —— Riſe from my feet,
And as a Brother my Embraces meet.
[To the Children.
Kiſs me ſweet Innocents, eſteem'd aright
Both a ſupport to Parents, and Delight
[to *Thyeſtes.*

Off with theſe Rags, wound not my pitty-
ing Eye
With the ſad object of your Poverty,
And Robes aſſume like mine. More praiſe I
gain
To give you half, then a ſole Monarch
Reign;
Therefore take half my Realm. A Crown
to find
Speaks Chance, but to beſtow the braveſt
Mind.

Thy.

Thy. Dear Brother, may the bounteous gods above
Return a blessing great as is your Love.
But my deformed head no Crown will wear;
Nor this unhappy hand a Scepter bear.
A poor *Plebeian* let me still remain.——

Atr. Not so: this Land may well two Kings contein.

Thy. VVhat's yours I mine esteem? Brother, take all.

Atr. VVho'd slight the favours that from Fortune fall?

Thy. VVho'd not that knows how slippery they are?

Atr. Of so great Glory will ye me debarre?

Thy. Your Glory Sir, you have already won,
But mine remains, which is such Gifts to shun.

Atr. No more Excuse, I beg. Unless you own
Part of the Goverment, I will have none.

Thy. Well, I accept. Henceforth the Name be mine;
But I my self with all the Power thine.

Atr. VVear then your Crown: while I, without delay
Th' intended Sacrifice to Heaven pay.

Chorus.

Who'ld Credit this? *Atreus*, of late
So cruel, and so obstinate,

VVhen

VVhen he his ſuppliant brother ſpyed,
Conſcious of Gilt, ſtood ſtupify'd.
Oh Love; what Power can thine excell?
Diſcord with ſtrangers long may dwell,
But where the Tyes of blood and thee
Conjoyn, ſhort is that Enmity.
Private Affronts, though urg'd too far,
Rais'd a Revenge in Publick war.
While new-rais'd Troops the Country fright,
And Swords impatient for a fight:
Now finding what ſo long they'd fought,
Look bright and chearful with the thought.
Fraternal Piety takes place,
Forcing the Brothers to embrace,
Which of your Powers, kind Heaven, to ceaſe
Hath cauſed ſuch war in ſuch a Peace?

VVhen Civil, the worſt ſort of Foes,
Did all *Mycene* diſcompoſe;
The Mother fear'd her Infants Life;
Her armed Husbands loſs, the Wife.
The conquering Sword, when firſt they drew,
Orecome with peacefull Ruſt they view.
Some dreſs their Arms: ſome buſy were
The Forts half ruin'd, to repair:
Some had Commiſſion to ſurvey
The Wall, and make up the Decay.
By ſome the Gates were ſtrongly bar'd;
Others by Night maintain the Guard.
The empty Name of War doth bring
More real terror then the thing.
But now the happy hour appears,
That ſheaths the Sword, and cures our fears,

Now

Now is the Martial Trumpet dumb:
Sweet peace, sweet peace again is come!
So when the *Brutian* Sea doth rise,
By *Corus* driven to the Skys;
When from her Caverns *Scylla* raves,
Cust by the fury of the waves,
And ships, though in their Haven, fear
Dreadfull *Caribdis* even there.
The sweating *Cyclops* when they spy
Waves o're their furnace *Ætna* fly,
Fear angry *Neptune* though their Sire,
Will quench the never dying fire.
And poor *Laertes* trembling thinks
His little *Ithara* now sinks.
If the winds fall, the Sea appears
Smooth as the standing Pools, or Meers.
The trifling Boat now puts from shore:
Ships that like Islands seem'd, before

Were not ſo bold. Why name I theſe
Frail Barks? the floating *Cyclades*
Iſlands like ſhips, for motion thought,
Fear'd in the ſtorm to be or'e wrought.
Yet now that Boat becalm'd, a ſail
Puts up to catch the wanton Gale.
They the paſt ſtorms effects deſcry,
And ſee where drounded fiſhes lye.
Fortunes ſtill alter, none can laſt:
Yet is the beſt the ſooneſt paſt.
The ſwift viciſſitudes of Fate
Can in a moment change our ſtate.
He who doth Crowns diſpoſe, before
Whoſe Throne all Nations do adore;

Intending, by a former Antecronisme, the *Roman* Emperor.

At whoſe bare Nod the *Medes* disband:
Nor dare the *Indians* him withſtand:

Nor

Nor *Daca* with their Cavalrie:
How full of anxious thoughts lives he?
What Changes do his fears, the while,
Preſage from Fates inconſtant ſmile?
Then ſwell no more; Great Souls of thoſe
Where Heaven doth Soveraign Rule diſpoſe:
Since that due Homage which we ſhow
To you, ye to another owe.
The greateſt Kings but Subjects be
To a Superior Majeſty.
Some with that Sun have ſet, whoſe Ray
Shined at his Riſe leſs bright then they.
Ah fading Joyes! In ſuch who dare
Confide, or wanting them, deſpair?
Clotho with ſmiles doth Tears commix,
And lets no Chance of Fortune fix.

Heavens greateſt Favorite can't ſay
I'le live and laugh another Day.
All our Affairs Fate troubles, and
Diſorders as a whirl-wind ſand.

ACT. IV.

Nuncius. Chorus.

Some Whirl-wind ſnatch me hence: by whoſe fierce ayd
I to th' obſcureſt Clowd may be convey'd,
VVhence I no more this curſed Houſe may ſee:
By *Tantalus* himſelf, abhor'd to be.

Cho. Ha! what means this?——

Nun. ——VVhat Country's this I tread?
Argos, and *Sparta* is it, that hath bred

Such

Such bloudy Brothers? Live *Corinthians* here
Twixt these two Seas, or what I rather fear,
Barbarous *Alani*? No *Hyrcanian* Breed
Of Tygers sure, nor *Scythians* these exceed.
Cho. What Salvage Crime blots our unhappy Land
With such a Guilt? Give us to understand.
Nun. Can I my Senses recollect, I will;
When this cold Sweat shall leave my Limbs. For still
The horror follows me. —— Come storms as strong
As my Desires, and bear me hence, along
Whether the Sun flys from this sight away.
Cho. You aggravate our fears by this delay.

Quickly

Quickly the Deed relate, and Author too.
Which of the Brothers is't? I ask not who.

Nun. In *Pelops* his chief Palace Southward lyes
A Part, that doth like ſome tall Mountain riſe
To pierce the Clouds, and o're the Town doth ſtand,
Which ſhould the ſame Rebell, it can Command:
There ſtands the Publick Hall, whoſe Roof of Gold
Rich ſpotted Marble-pillars do uphold.
Beſides this, where the Vulgar do repair,
Sev'ral as rich as ſpacious Rooms there are.
The privy Court i'th' uttermoſt Receſs
Doth lye, by a Deſcent from the no leſs

Sacred

Sacred, then ſecret Grove di v ided there
Nor pleaſant Trees nor profitable are,
But mournful Yew, Cypreſs, and Holm; ye higher
Then all the reſt the tall Oak doth aſpire,
And like a Prince o're looks the common Trees.
Our Kings do here conſult their Auguries:
Here they ſeek Council when affairs appear
Doubtful or bad. Their Votive Guifts hang here:
Trumpets of War, and Trophys of the ſame,
With what by Land or Sea we overcame;
The vanquiſht wheels, and treacherous Axel-Tree,
And all our Nations Deeds, here fixed be.

Here's

Here's the *Tiara Phrygian Pelops* wore:
Here's what in War we took, or triumph bore.
Under this ſhade a Fountain ſtands, a Wave
So black and ſad Dire *Styx* is ſaid to have,
Dire *Styx* that binds the gods. The Fame's well-known
How here th' Infernal gods all Night do groan.
Clinking of Chains, howling of Ghoſts, make here
A horrid noiſe; while what affrights the Ear
May there be ſeen: there haunt a Company
Of wandring ſouls which far more dreadfull be
Then common *Spectres*; ſudden flames oft dart
Through all the Grove, and fix i'th' higheſt part.

Oft

Oft hath from thence three Barks at once been heard,
And oft the Houſe with monſtrous Viſions ſcar'd.
Nor can the Day expel ſuch fears; for there
Is ever Night, and theſe at Noon appear.
Oraculous Reſolves have here been found
By them that ſeek, which with a frightfull ſound
That fills the Place, ariſe from underground.
When *Atreus* mad with Rage, was enter'd here,
Dragging his Nephews, deckt the Altars were.
(Who with fit words can ſuch black Deeds relate?)
Their Princely hands behind were pinnion'd ſtreight,

Their

Their Heads with purple fillets bound: there lyes
Ready both Incenſe for the Sacrifice,
And Wine, and Knife: ready prepar'd for it
Lies Salt and Meal. No Rite he doth omit,
Leaſt not well done ſhould be ſuch wickedneſs!

Chorus. Who to their Execution dares addreſs?

Nun. He is the Prieſt himſelf: himſelf doth Pray;
The Verſicles of Death himſelf doth ſay.
The Victims he in order placeth, and
Standing at th' Altar, takes the Sword in hand;
Himſelf attends, and doth omit no Rite:
This the Grove ſees, and trembles at the ſight.

So

So doth the Ground, which ſhakes the
Houſe withall,
Whoſe Turrets doubtful on which ſide to
fall
Nod every way; Alſo a Comet ſtreams
From Heavens left ſide, which darts forth
diſmal beams.
The Wine as ſoon as caſt into the flame,
VVas Tranſubſtantiated, and blood be-
came.
Oft his Crown fell: the Ivory Statues wept.
This all affrights; he ſtill his temper kept;
And ſtands withall as if he'd terrifie
The threatning gods. —— But all delays
lay'd by,
He now aſcends the Altar, with Oblique
Looks and Malevolent; Some Tyger like,

In

In *Ganges* Forreſt, whom fierce hunger fires,
Between two Steers that ſtands, and both deſires;
Yet unreſolv'd which firſt to ſeize; her eyes
That threaten Death, to this, then that applys;
With doubt as much as hunger next; And thus
On the Devoted looks Dire *Atreus*.
Revolving in his mind which ſhould be he
That firſt muſt fall; and which ſhould Second be.
It matters not; yet takes he much delight
So high a Villany to Marſhal right.

Chor. Which ſtrikes he then?

Nun. ——— Parental Piety
Leaſt he ſhould want, firſt *Tantalus* muſt dye.

T' his

T' his Grandsire dedicate.

Cho. —— ——— Oh say, how took
The young Prince such a Death, and with what look?

Nun. Careless of Life he stands, and doth refuse
In vain to supplicate, or words to loose.
But *Atreus* by the throat, him having tane
Sheaths in his Breast the sword; which out again
Being redrawn, awhile the body thinks
How best to fall, then on his Uncle sinks.
Next *Plisthenes* he to the Altar brings,
And decollated, on his Brother flings:
Down prostrate falls the Trunk; and (with a sound
Uncertain) the complaining head to th' ground.

Cher. What after this Twin-death doth he begin?
Spares he the child, or adds he sin to sin?

Nun. As a main'd Lyon equally repleat
With rage and hunger, sees a Heard of Neat
In the *Armenian* woods, pursues and takes
Many, whose blood his frowns more frightful makes:
Bulls do his hunger, not his Rage allay,
And after them he on the Calves doth prey,
With wearied Jaws: nor otherwise then so
Is *Atreus* cruel, such his Rage; who though
His sword's distaind with double slaughter, yet
He seeks another murder to commit,
Careless on whom: In the childs breast he then
Strikes it, which out at's back appears again. He

He falls, his blood quenches the Altars fires;
Death enters at both wounds, and he at both expires.

Chor. O barbarous act!

Nun. —— Doth this your horror breed?
There's more behind, he ſtops not at this deed.

Cho. Is there in Nature greater cruelty?

Nun. Think you this all? 'tis but the firſt degree.

Cho. What more? did he to beaſts their bodys throw,
And fire deny?

Nun. —— Would he had only ſo!
Their Sepulture, and funeral Pile deny'd,
And caſt them out to birds of prey beſide,

Or with their fleſh fed Wolves; what does appear
The greateſt curſe, had been a bleſſing here;
Their Sire to ſee them unconterr'd. —— O crime
Nor age will credit! the inſuing time
Will think this fabulous! their inward parts
He opens, their veins breathing ſtill, and hearts
Still panting: thence the fates to recollect
He the warm veins, & Arterys doth diſſect.
The Victims pleaſing, now he time can ſpare
His brothers entertainment to prepare.
He cuts them out in joynts; cloſe to their ſides
The ſhoulders from the body he divides.

Their

Their tender flesh he from the bones doth pare :
Yet saves intire the heads, and hands which were
So lately sacred pledges. Th' Inwards they
Some spitted fore a slow fire drip away:
Some in the injured caldron boyl: while these
So horrid meats the very fire displeas'd,
Oft from the hearth it fell, & when return'd
Back to its place, it murmur'd as it burn'd.
The Livers screek upon the spit, nor well
Which most, the flesh or flames, groan'd, I tell.
The mournful fire in clowds of smoak consumes :
And even those heavy clowds and ominous fumes

Directly not ascend, as wont, but fly
About the houshold gods, & there they lye.
O patient *Phœbus!* though day backward flys,
And though thy lustre at the Zenith dyes,
Thou set'st too late. —— His Sons the Father eats,
And his own Limbs are his Inhumane treats:
While with rich Unguents his hair shines, and he
Sits full of mighty Wine, unwillingly
Discends the barbarous dyet. Only this
Of good, *Thyestes* 'mongst thy Evills is,
You know 'em not: yet even this will fade.
Though *Titan* turns his Chariot, which is made

To measure back the way it came; though Night
With shades unusual hides this deed from sight,
Which from the East doth rise, and out of time;
Yet will at last be seen each horrid crime,

Chorus.

Father of gods and men, at whose
Uprise Night doth her beauty loose,
Whether, O whether dost thou stray,
And at thy Noon benight the day?
What frights thee, Sun? not yet appears
Vesper the harbinger of stars:
Nor *Hesper* shining in the west
Bids thy diurnal Chariot rest:

Nor the third Trumpets ſound yet made
A welcome to th' approaching ſhade.
Amazed the Plowman ſtands to ſee
Day end, untired his Team and he.
What ſtops thy Race? what is't do's make
Thy *Steeds* their beaten Road forſake?
Do now from hell the Gyants riſe
Again to fight the Deitys?
His old Attempts doth *Tytius* ſtrive,
With his firſt fury, to revive?
Hath now *Typhæus* freed his breſt,
Long with the Mountains weight oppreſt?
Or do the gods *Phlegræan* foes
Oſſa on *Pelion* now impoſe? ——
All! the known courſe of time is done!
No more will ſet or riſe the Sun.
Days Mother with Nocturnal dew's
Still wet, while now ſhe *Phœbus* views

As

As to her East he back retires,
Whence he so lately went, admires.
How ignorant is she to lave
His steeds in the refreshing wave!
He stands surpriz'd too, since to this
New Inne himself a stranger is.
The morning Sun now sets, whose light
Yeilds to a darkness, yet no night;
On his Recess no stars appear:
Nor fire shines in our Hemisphere.
No Moon adorns these shades. What e're
This is, Night would it only were.
Each heart with suddain fear possest
Doth tremble, tremble in each breast,
Least all should ruin'd be; least men
And even the gods themselves, agen
To their old *Chaos* fall: lest fire
And sea, Earth and Heavens gay attire

Of

Of ſparkling ſtars, ſhould now return
To their firſt nothing. — No more burn
Shall thy bright flames, nor *Phœbus*, thou
Be longer chief of Plannets, now,
Summer and winter, nor ſhall we
Diſtinguiſh by the Courſe of thee.
No more ſhall the pale Queen of ſhades
Expel that fear which Night invades,
While ſhe in a leſs Circle runs,
And ends her Race before the Suns.
Into but one deform'd lump ſhall
The Elements and Plannets fall.
Heavens bleſs the *Zodiac*, whoſe bright way
Shines with the Lights of night and day,
Whoſe Circle parts the *Zones*, and we
Meaſure the Year by its Degree,
Shall fall from Heaven, and with it then
Theſe ſtars ſet, ne'r to riſe agen:

Firſt

First ſhall the Ram, who us'd to bring
Soft weſtern Gales with the kind ſpring,
Plunge in thoſe waves o're which he bore
The trembling *Helle* heretofore.
Next ſhall the *Bull* deſcend, between
Whoſe bright horns are the *Hyads* ſeen;
And draw the Twins and *Crab* along
With him from the Celeſtial throng.
The *Lyon* then ſhall down again
Return, and no more ſcorch the Grain.
Down from her heaven the *Virgin* ſhall
Along with her the ballance fall:
With them ſhall the fierce *Scorpion* go,
And he arm'd with th'*Æmonian* bow:
Old *Chiron*, in his fall who will
His Quiver break, and arrows ſpill.
The winter-leading *Goat* muſt be
The next, and falling break ſhall he

Thy

Thy water-pot, who grie thou art:
With thee the *Fishes* shall depart
Last of the Twelve. The Bears that ner'e
Set in the waves, shall now drownd there.
The Snake that those two Bears divides,
And like a crooked River glides,
Shall as all other Rivers, roule
Into the sea. While from the Pole
Cold *Cynosure* the lesser Bear
Plac'd by the greater *Dragon* there,
With whom *Bootes*, slow-pac'd swain
Shall fall, and drive from Heaven his Wain.
Selected from Mankind, do we
This fatal period live to see?
Must the world fall on us? O Fate
Wretched and most unfortunate!
Whether we loose without offence
The *Sun*, or guilty, drive him hence:

Yet

Yet ceaſe to mourn: there is no need.
He's covetous of Life indeed
Who longer to ſurvive deſires,
When the whole Univerſe expires.

ACT. V.

Atreus.

Now equal to the ſtars I walk, now I
Look down, methinks, on others from the sky.
My Fathers Throne, and Ram, I've now regain'd,
I've done with Heaven: and my laſt wiſh attain'd.
Tis very well; exceeding well; and this
Revenge even for me ſufficient is.—

But

But why sufficient? I'le proceed, and fill
With his own blood *Thyestes* fullest still.'
Lest I should see, and blush at this black deed
The day retires: While Heaven invites, proceed.
Would the fled gods might be forc'd back by me,
That they this banquet of Revenge might see!
Yet shall the Father: and let that suffice.
This darkness that now hides his miseries
I will dissolve, though day refuse. Guest mine,
Thou hast too long careless and chearful (lyne
You've eat and drunk enough. *Thyestes* needs
Be sober rightly to resent such deeds:

Wine

VVine drounds his ſence. —— So there within, who waits :
Diſplay the Feaſt, open the Temple gates.
I long to ſee, when his Sons heads he views,
How he will look, or what expreſſions uſe
To ſpeak his grief; or how (his ſpirit's loſt
At this) hee'l ſtand as if congeal'd with froſt.
This is my deed: To ſee him wretched, no
Delight take I, but in his making ſo.

The Scene opens, and
Thyeſtes *is Diſcovered.*

Behold the Room with many Lights array'd:
On Gold and Purple he ſupinely lay'd;

On

On his left hand, his head oppreſt with Wine (ſhine
He leans, and belches. Now methinks I
Chief of the Gods, and King of Kings! In this
I have ſurpaſt my wiſh. —— See, ſee, he is
Already full; from a large Goblet he
Drinks unmixt VVine: Drink on; I've ſtill for thee
One Cup, the blood of the late ſacrifice:
The colour of Red wine ſhall this diſguize.
And let this Cup conclude this Feaſt. He mine
Did thirſt, who now ſhall drink commixt with VVine
His Childrens blood. —— Hark; he to ſing prepares,
Unable to contain his Joy, light Ayrs.

Thyeſtes

Thyeſtes.

Thou that ſo dull'd with ſufferings art,
Caſt off thy buſy Cares, my heart.
Hence grief, hence fear, and thou er'e while
My old Companion in Exile
Sad Poverty; hence thou that late
Didſt vex my ſoul, of my low ſtate
A conſcious ſhame; of that no more
I le think, but what I was before.
'Tis brave when fall'n from high Command,
Firm and unmoved below to ſtand.
Oppreſt with mighty Ills, 'tis rare
And brave, with neck unbow'd to bear,
Of a loſt Kingdom the ſad weight;
Nor conquer'd, nor degenerate,

But to ſtand upright under thoſe
Unwelcome preſſures Fates impoſe.
Theſe clouds that now thy ſoul o're caſt,
And all the marks of miſery paſt
Caſt off, and to thy face once more
The ſmiles of ſoft content reſtore:
From thy grieved memory let paſs
The old *Thyeſtes*. But alas!
'Tis proper to th' unfortunate
Never to truſt the ſmiles of fate.
Though happineſs return again,
Joy is to them a kind of pain. ——
What grief is this obſtructs my mirth
From no known cauſe that takes its birth?
This day of Feſtival to keep
What hinders me, and bids me weep?
With odorous flowr's my head t' array
What is't doth thus, doth thus gainſay?

The

The Roſes from my brows deſcend,
And my perfumed hair ſtands on end
With ſuddain horrour; while apace
Sad ſtreams or'e flow a chearful face.
My mirth with groans is often checkt;
And my late tears I ſtill affect:
So fond the wretched ever be
To doat on their old miſery.
Mournful complaints fain would I vent,
And tear this purple ornament
Oft-times our ſouls prophetick be,
And droop with ſorrows they fore-ſee.
So when the Sea to ſwell doth uſe,
And no wind breaths, a ſtorm inſues.——
Mad man! thy mind why thus doſt thou
Diſturb, and diſcompoſe thy brow?
Thy Brother truſt: now what er'e fate
Befalls, fears cauſeleſs, or too late.

Thus timerous I would not be
But a ſtrange terror troubles me
Within, which through my eyes doth pour
A cauſeleſs, and ſurprizing ſhowr'.
Sorrows effect is this or fears?
Or hath great Joy its proper tears?

Atreus (*going to him*)

Brother, with joynt conſent let's celebrate
This day; that will confirm my Regal ſtate
And 'twixt us two ſettle a laſting peace.

Thy. I'me cloyd with wine and feaſting; 'twould increaſe
My pleaſure, and no ſmall addition be
To my full Joy, could I my Children ſee.

Atreus (*ambiguouſly.*)

Be confident they'r in your armes, for here
They are, and ſhall be; do not fear.

Nothing

Nothing of thine shal be withheld: You shall
Their desired presence now enjoy, I all
Of thee with thy so loved Issue will,
Doubt not, most fully satisfie and fill.
At present with my Sons they celebrate
This day of Joy: but I will call 'em straight
First taste our Families cup fil'd with choice wine.

Thy. Brother, I kindly take this guist 'cause thine.
First offer to our Fathers deities;
And then wee'l drink — How's this? my hand denies
Her office: still the wines weight heavier grows,
And loads my arm; while from my Lips it flows:

About my mouth it rouls, nor down will go,
See the ground ſhakes; the Table too doth ſo.
The fire it ſelf ſcarce ſhines: on the Suns flight,
The Sky ſtands Neutral betwixt day and night.——
How's this? Heavens connex ſinks ſtill lower and lower:
To darkneſs joyns a darkneſs that is more
Condenſt, and night it ſelf to this is day.
Each ſtar is fled. What e're this means, I pray
That from my Brother, and my Sons it be
Averted, and the Omen threaten me.
Reſtore me now my Sons.

Atr. — I will reſtore,
And they from thee ſhall ne're be parted more.

Thy.

Thy. What tumult ſhakes me thus within? My breaſt
Is with a ſad impatient weight oppreſt:
Sad groans I with a voice not mine reſpire.
Appear my Sons, your moſt unhappy ſire
Bids you appear: your ſight alone will cure
This grief.—Whence anſwer they?

Atr. ——— Make ready your
(*Shews the Heads*)
Embraces; they are come,—Now Sir, do ye know
Your Sons? ——

Atr. I know my Brother.—Canſt thou undergo,
Dull earth, ſuch wickedneſs, & bear it thus?
And not to *Styx* ſink both thy ſelf and us?
Wilt thou not open that theſe Kingdoms may
And King, through thee to *Chaos* find a way?

Wilt thou not all the ſtructures of this Land
Levell with their foundations? We to ſtand
Both well deſerve in hell with *Tantalus*,
And other the Progenitors of us,
If any there. Open now, open wide
Thy diſlocated Joynts on every ſide,
Down let us ſink through ſome vaſt cleft of thee
To *Acheron*, and there for ever be.
While o're our heads th' Infernal ſhapes appear,
Flow hither *Phlegethon*, and ſetling here,
Us wretches in thy flaming waters drownd.
Lyeſt thou unmoved ſtill, dull ſenceleſs ground?

Atr. Here, take thy Sons, ſo much deſired by thee:
Enjoy them now, there's no delay in me:

Each

Each of these three alike embrace and kiss.

Thy. Is this thy League? thy amity? is this (have
A Brothers faith? Thus dost thou love? To
Safe or alive, my Sons, I do not crave:
This I thy brother beg, which no ways your
Revenge impleads, allow them sepulture.
I ask but what I le burn: 'tis nothing I
Beg to enjoy, but part with by and by.

Atr. All of thy Sons I'le give, that I did save:
What not remains, that you already have.

Thy. Lye they a Feast for Birds of Prey? or are (fare?
They for wild beasts reserv'd inhumane

Atr. Thou of thy Sons hast made that impious feast.

Thy. 'Twas this that sham'd the gods! his to the East Forc'd

Forc'd back the Sun; wretch that I am what cryes, (ſuffice?
What ſad complaints, what words will me
Their heads and hands chopt off too plain I ſee, (be.
And from their Legs how their feet ſever'd
'Twas the preſage of this unheard of meat,
Though pinch'd with hunger, would not let me eat.

My bowels roul about, and ſeek with pain
A paſſage for the horrid food, in vain.
Lend me thy ſword dyed in my blood, and I
Will to my Sons with it give liberty.
Is this deny'd? yet ſhall with frequent blows
This breaſt reſound; ah, no! forbear from thoſe
Unhappy man, and ſpare the dead within—
Hath ever ſuch a curſt deed acted been

By

By barbarous *Heniochan* that's bred
On *Caucasus*? or the *Cecropian* dred
Procrustes? oh! my Sons do me oppress,
And I my Sons.--- No mean in wickedness?
Atr. A mean should be observ'd when first we act
A wrong, but not when we revenge a fact.
This is but small for me. I should have shed
Goar in thy mouth as from the wound it bled: (thou
That of thy living Sons, the warm blood
Mightst drink: I've trifled with my anger now.
In hast I gave the wounds. Of them I made
A sacrifice, I the vow'd slaughter payd
To my wrong'd houshold gods: and jointing all
Their liveless bodies into goblets smal,

I rent each Limb: and ſome of them I caſt
Into the boiling Cauldron, ſome I plac't
By a ſlow fire to roſt. They not yet dead
I cut their Nerves, and members quar-
tered:
I heard the Inwards groan upon the ſpit:
I my ſelf made the fire and lookt to it.
All this their Father better might have
done!
My Rage is ſpent in vain. 'Tis true each
Son
Of his, his curſed mouth did tear and eat,
But both the Eater ignorant, and meat.

Thy. Ye Seas with wandring ſhores in-
compaſſed,
Hear this! Here this you gods, where-
ever fled!

Hear

Hear this hell! Earth hear this! and thou Night made
More black and horrid by a helliſh ſhade,
Attend to what I'le ſay, and what is ſaid:
Darkneſs I'me left to thee, and only thou
Sad as my ſelf, canſt view my ſorrows now.
No ſuppliant vows for my concern I'le make.
Ah! what is that? Nature 'tis for thy ſake.
Great King of Gods, who the Worlds Soveraign art,
Bury the Earth in Clouds from every part
Bid the winds fight, and thou thy Thunder dart.
Uſe not that hand which leſſer bolts do throw
To batter guiltleſs buildings here below:

But

But with that hand that levell'd Mountains rear'd
Three ſtories high, & Gyants that appear'd
Like other Mountains upon them: on us
Diſcharge thy Lightning and thy thunder (thus.
Make good the periſh't day. Let thy fires fly:
The light that's loſt with lightning now ſupply.
Doubt not of us whoſe cauſe doth call, they be
Both bad: if not, yet mine is; aime at me,
Transfix this breaſt with thy Artillery.
To their laſt fire would I my Sons beſtow;
My ſelf into thoſe Funeral flames muſt go.
If nothing moves the Gods, if finners they
Neglect to puniſh: Night, for ever ſtay

And

And hide our Crime; *Titan* I'le nere complain
So thy bright flames no more return again.

Atr. Now I applaud my hands: the Palm I've won.
I had loſt my glory thus had I not done.
Now my bed chaſt I think, and Children mine.

Thy. Why ſhould the Infants dye?

Atr. For being thine.

Thy. With his own Sons doſt thou the Father feaſt?

Atr. Ay, the undoubted Sons, which pleaſes beſt.

Thy. Witneſs ye Gods.——

Atr.——The Nuptial Powers well may.

Thy. With a worſe Deed who would a Crime repay?

Atr.

Atr. I know what grieves you. To prevented be
Your next; not what thou haſt devour'd moves thee,
But not t' have dreſt the ſame. Thou didſt deſign,
Ignorant, ſuch Viands ſhould be mine:
Their Mother helping, thou did'ſt mean to ſeiſe
My Sons, and butcher them as I did theſe:
You 'd don't, but that you fancy'd them your own.

Thy. Be preſent ye juſt Gods: to them alone
I give thee up for Puniſhment.——
Atr. ——————For it
I to thy Childrens Manes thee commit.

FINIS.

MOCK-THYESTES.

ACT. I.

TANTALUS. MEGÆRA.

Tant. What Witch of *Endor* does thus fret me.
And when I'de ſtay in hell won't let me?
Cannot a man be damn'd in quiet,
But *Haggs* muſt thus commit a Riot?
You'l whip me out of Hell-doors we' ye?
And firk me up, with a *Pox* te' ye?
I muſt to earth: but pray let's know
What I muſt do there er'e I go.
I cannot teach 'em damning there,
Nor more debauch 'em then they are.

To Wench, drink, rook, or be uncivil,
They ſcorn to learn of a poor Devill.
'Tis ten to one the *Sons of Whores*
Will either kick me out of doors,
Or think me a tame harmleſs *Cully*,
And then I'me gone to *Nicker-Bully*.
But ſhould I take a Wenches ſhape,
'Tis ſix to four I get a *Clap*.
And then how ſhamefully 'twill urge one,
That comes from *Hell* to uſe a *Surgeon*?
All that I ſay I can make good
In mine own proper fleſh and blood.
Two *Imps* I have as very *Rakells*
As er'e did cling in *Newgate* ſhackles:
Men call one *Atreus*, and the other
Thyeſtes, *Atreus*'s own *Brother*.
Rake *Hell*, and skim the *Devill*, if er'e
You match 'em, I le be hang'd; that's fair.

Meg.

Meg. Allons; and ſtand not thus hum drum:
Or Faith I'le run this Pin i' your bum.
De'e think I'le ſuffer you, conclude
Whether the thing be bad or good?
Yet if you wonder at your Miſſion,
And why 'tis with ſuch expedition;
To give your *Nepheus* a kind Viſit,
If you would know the true cauſe, is it.
Oh then, and do juſt as I tell ye:
Firſt put two live Eels in their belly,
Which may ſo operate, and friſk it,
As if old *Nick* were in their *Briſket*.
Where Nature's dull, we thus muſt force her:
(For *Devils* may learn of a *Horſe-Courſer*)
Then make 'em hector, huff, and ſwear,
Curſe, damn, and ſink, ſpit, fire, and ſtare;

Snatch Spits and tilt at one another,
And *Brother* bite off Nose of *Brother*.

Tan. I, say you so? but if you get me
To do't, I le give you leave to eat me.
Perhaps on earth what you have moved,
Is often done, and well approved;
And to debauch ones own *Relation*
Counted a *Genteil Recreation*.
But soft, you ne're shall get me to it;
An honest *Devil* will not do it.
Do you my *Grandchildren* suppose
Bull-Doggs to run full at the Nose?
Or think you them *Cocks*, grown so sullen
To spit themselves instead of *Pullen*?
In *fine*, I tell you once again,
Tempt me no more, for 'tis in vain.

Meg. Well, since I can't this way prevail,
I le try now to perswade your *Tail*,

Your

Your *Toby* I'le ſo feaze with this
Rod that has lain three weeks in piſs,
That you ſhall begg the thing to do,
Before we part, and thank me too.
Come, come, untruſs; or muſt I force ye,
And call *Tyſiphone* to horſe ye?

Tant. Oh lay that frightfull Engine by,

(*Kneels.*

Dred Queen, for if it ſhakes I dye.
And I will your Commands obey,
Like your moſt humble —— as they ſay.
But ſpare my buttocks, let me begg ye;
For they are tender, dearеſt *Megge.*

Meg. Enough; I pardon: do not doubt it,
But let's ſhake hands, and ſo about it.

Tan. Like a dire Vapour, which ſome call
A *Blaſt Hypocondriacal*:

Or like the steem of Candle snuff
I come, but peacably enough;
Then fear not *Mortals*, I will do
No harm, but stink, and so adiew.
Madam, when you confer the Grace
Next, your Command on me to place,
Henceforth I'le do it without grudging:
And like a plain well-meaning *Gudgin*.
What er'e you offer me I'le swallow.
Go on sweet *Lady*, for I follow.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

If any of the Starry *Powers*
Value one pin, or us, or ours:
If *Jupiter* or *Mars* ere saw
A *Miss* among us worth a straw,

If

If we have ought that's worth their care
Twixt wind and water, or else where
I wish with all my heart and Soul
That they our *Quarrels* would controul.
For this same *Atreus* and *Thyestes*
Are both stark naught who er'e the best is.
Cat after kind exact: 'Tis plain
That neither of 'em cross the strain.
Pelops their Father was, and he
Kill'd his own Wives *Dad a dadde.*
He loved the Sport so well that rather
Then want a Wench he'd kill a Father.
Nay more, the most ungrateful Woer
Hang'd the poor *Pimp* that helpt him to her.
Now if the *Heraulds* books don't fail us,
Pelops was Son of one *Tantalus*;

He was, as is reported common,
Of *London Town* a Serjeants Yeoman;
Who to arreſt a Cook, once came
In place *Ram Ally* call'd by name:
Some *Clerks* and *Bullies* of the Cloiſters
Were there by chance then opening Oyſters:
Theſe ſeeing their *Cook* in woful danger,
On whom they lay at Rack and manger:
Or as ſome ſay, 'twas chiefly 'cauſe
They ſaw a Rupture in the Laws,
And ſacred Franchiſe of the Ally;
They never ſtand ye ſhally ſhally,
But take poor *Tant* and hurl him in
To Temple *Bog-houſe* up to th' Chin.
But here the Miſchief ends not yet
(To ſee a Cooks malicious wit!)

When

When *Tant* had ſtood there half a day,
He thought him hungry, as we ſay.
His Knife unto the Spit he puts ye,
And pen'worth ſix of Roaſt Beef cuts ye;
In order then to what his heart meant,
He runs me ſtrait to *Tants* appartment.
There holding it down in the Hole,
He cry's you curſed Dog *Catchpole*,
Look what is here, do's your Maw crave it?
Yes, when y' are hang'd then you ſhall have it.
This ſaid, in an heroick ſtrain,
His hand he ſnatches up again.
Then brings the flagon full of Ale,
Or as ſome *Authors* have it, *Stale*.
For Flagons oft have uſed been
Both to fill out, and empty in.

Or as the plain expreſſion is,
Either to drink in, or to piſs.
Now (as all Cooks do often try)
Hot ſtinks do make men develiſh dry.
The cunning Spit-man therefore, thus
Brings a full Pot to *Tantulus*:
Which wheh the poor Fool reaches at,
He empties it upon his Pate.
And this is briefly the firſt riſing
Of that which we call *Tantalizing*.

ACT. II.

Enter Atreus, *and a Servant.*

A*treus*. 'Tis true, my *Brother* did ſeduce
My *Spouſe*, but that's not all th'abuſe.
For

For *Jack* as I was saying, if he
Had done this out of *Amity*
And pure good will unto my Wife,
It had ne'e griev'd me, but, us'd life!
To Cuckold me out of meer scorn,
By flesh and blood cannot be born.

Sei. That's very true. But still I say Sir,
How if it were in a fair way Sir?

Atr. Lord *Jack*, thou art just such another: ——
When the thing's cleer to make a puther?
For look ye, *Fenny*, had she been
As beauteous as is any Queen,
Then it might well have been as you say;
But she's as ugly as *Medusa*.
'Twas therefore done you plainly see,
In spight, and disrespect to me.

And

And now, dear Rogue, let think upon't:
For I-le not put up the affront.

Ser. Muſt my Dame too be guilty made?
For ſhe was in the *Maſquerade* ——
Couchant, and did, as I may ſay,
Act her own part in the foul *Play*.
Muſt ſhe then ſhare in the Purgation,
As well as in the Recreation?

Atr. No *Jack*, my Wife's my Wife, and ſhe
Muſt be indulg'd as part of me.
Beſides all Women, if you mind,
Have weaker Veſſels then Mankind,
More frail, and therefore not a little
Apt to be crackt, and very brittle.
On this account your pritty Laſſes
Have been compar'd to *Venice Glaſſes*.

And

And ſhould we Husbands fume and fret
For every Rap our Spouſes get;
'Twould be moſt redicule, and he
That does it, not at all jentee.
Then laſtly know, we both diſpence
With one another, in this ſence.
And both have Conſcience-Liberty
By Joint-conſent of her and me,
To ſolace in a Modiſh manner,
And ſhe not Curſe me, nor I ban her.
But though my Wife goes Scotfree here,
I le make it coſt my *Brother* dear.
Now honeſt *Jack*, I pray you kindly,
Adviſe how I may do it finely.

Ser. Ah, Maſter, I'me but ſimply learned
To be in things of Weight concerned.
But ſince ye 'are pleas'd to have my anſwer,
To this I'le do the beſt I can Sirs.

What

What if we too, and a third Man
Should catch him Napping when we can;
And then e'ne geld him for a warning?
This ſure will ſpoil his Trade of Horning.

Atr. But ſhould I mayhem him in this ſort,
And then be bring his *Action* for't.
What Damage Juries may impoſe
For ſuch a Carving, Heaven knows.

Ser. Then let him, ſince th' offence was done
In blankets, be well toſt in one.
And ſo the buſineſs ſhall be ended
In the ſame manner he offended.

Atr. Well, ſhould I like your way; but this
Too violent and open is.

I would ſome private trick invent
To give him a ſound puniſhment,
And yet he ner'e the wiſer for it.
As for the Triumph, I abhor it.

Ser. Why then, Sir thus: you need but ſtay
Till he too Marry's, and you may
By amorous Retaliation,
Debauch his Wife in the ſame faſhion.
Thus you ſhall have Sir, (when you doe't)
Revenge, and a freſh Girl to boot.

Atr. I like this better then all yet:
But, *Fonney*, here's the Devill of it,
Delay in theſe things is ſo helliſh,
It dulls the Sport, and palls the Reliſh.
Revenge and Love ſhould both advance
Sa, Sa, in the brisk aire of *France*.——

I feel a rumbling in my belly
To do a thing which I won't tell ye.
Sure 'tis some Spirit that thus puts
Me on, and agitates my Guts.
Well I will on, and never fear it,
Since 'tis a motion of the Spirit.
And Spirits less Fanatique are
In belly then in brain, by far.
Jack, run, and send some idle Boy
To you know who with this Envoy:
That howsoer'e my Carriage past
May give him cause of some distast,
I humbly begg now to be Friends;
And for those honest Golden Ends
Beseech him that he would not fail
To come and tast of my Wives *Ale*;
And when he comes it shall go hard;
But something else shall be prepar'd.

You

You understand me *Jack. Ser.* Yes Master.

Atr. I prithee run a little faster——
Yet stay. A loose *Boy* may betray us;
I'le send my own Sons *Menelaus*,
And *Agamemnon* with a Letter:
And that will do a great deal better.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Methinks these are but odd *Caprices*
To make two Brothers fall a peeces,
And quarrel for so poor a thing
As is a little Cuckolding.
And what de'e think Sirs, all this while,
Is that which makes so great a Coil?
But a meer empty Name! For the thing
Was never seen by any breathing,

Nor felt, nor heard; and why then shou'd
This word dare to be understood?
'Tis but an *Embryo* miscarriage:
It is the Maiden-head of Marriage;
And Maiden-heads for ought I can see,
Only consist in a strong Fancy.
Then Cuckoldy and Pusillage
Are but two shaddows of the Age.
Twixt which the difference is not great:
A single and a double Cheat.
And yet for this men take the pains
To beat out one anothers brains.
Nor do they spare the other Sex,
But often break their Spouses necks.
Then happy she, whose Husband's wary,
And keeps her caged like Bird-Canary,
Giving her once a day, with care,
Linseed and water, fresh and fair.

Un-

Unknown to Town-wits, and unknowing
Coaches, she spends her time in sewing.
Or else in spinning, or in knitting:
And has her belly full of sitting.
But she that is for Beauty famous,
And knows a man, abroad, from a Mouse.
Whose fine *French* carriage never wants
Variety of fresh Gallants.
Much Love without doors while she gets,
Causing within more jealous heats,
May dye of Husbands bangs perhaps:
If not, yet of her Servants Claps.

ACT. III.

Enter *Thyestes*, with a Bagg in his Hand.

'Tis good before I further go,
To think if it were best or no.
Or (as I read once in a Book)
Before I take my leap to look.
The scruples then which in my brain lye
I'le open legally, and plainly.
The Case is thus. *A.* lies with *B.*
I. S.'s Wife: *I: S.* sends *C*
To *A* with formal Invitation
To come and tast of a Collation.
A. doubts *I. S.* is double hearted,
Or (if you'l have it word-of-arted)

A meer Trapanner, and demurring,
Is not o're hasty to be stirring.
The Points are two. First whether *A.*
Should go: or, Secondly, shou'd stay.
The Case being thus stated, hark ye
How all the Parts about me argue.
In the first place, my head cries tarry;
For should he break me you'd be sorry:
'Tis more then likely he forgets not
How you us'd his head: though he frets not,
Nor shews resentment by much huffing
Yet he may pay all off with cuffing.
My back and sides have the same fears
For bangs: so have for lugs my ears.
Now on the other side, my belly
Saies go, or else the Devil quel ye;
There will be Viands choice and dainty;
And of good Bub no doubt great plenty.

My Guts will ſwim in luſhious Seas
Of Ale as ſtrong as *Hercules*.
My Eyes cry, on; and leave your fears: —
Or elſe wee'l drow'nd our ſelves in Tears:
But if you go, we hope once more
To ſee his Wife, that honeſt Whore.
And there's another part of mine
That's mad with the ſelf-ſame deſign.
My members being thus divided,
Now hang me if I can decide it. —
But look: while here I ſtand and ponder,
Some body comes to meet me yonder.
'Tis he himſelf with a clean Band on.
This is an honour, and a Grand one!

Enter Atreus.

Atr. My dear *Thyeſtes*! *Thy.* Deareſt Dear! (*Embrace.*

Atr. How glad am I to ſee you here!

Thy.

Thy. And how does all at home Boy? Cranky?

Atr. All reasonably well, I thank ye—

Thy. But how, but how, does your good Wife?

Atr. Oh, lusty (as they say) for life:
As brisk, as jolly, and as ayrie
As a young Kitlin, or a Fary.

Thy. And how does all your Children, lastly:
And honest *Towser* the old Masty?

Atr. All at your Service, my dear Sweeting.

Thy. Lord, how yo' are alter'd since last meeting
Methinks you're grown more tall & bony.
But for those *Breeches*, I'de not known ye.

Atr. Brother, once more I'me glad to see ye:
And if ye' ad brought 'your Puss-Cats wi-

My happineſs had been compleat.

Thy. Sweet Sir, if that will do the Feat;
They're in this bagg, and at your ſervice.

Atr. More welcome then Sun-ſhine in Harveſt;
Then nine a clock to Prentice boys
In winter nights; or Marriage-Joyes
To crooked Virgins, is each Puſs
To, Sir, your Servant *Atreus*.
But wherefore are they thus convey'd,
Like Pig in Pocket —— Maſquerade?

Thy. To let 'em beat upon the hoof
Thus far, had merited reproof.
For ſurely *Brother*, it is fitting
They ride when they go a Viſiting.
Therefore to ſave their feet a labour,
I ſtole this Cock-bagg of a Neighbour:

And

And it as well ſerves their turn, for ought
I ſee, as a guilt Coach or Chariot.

Atr. 'Tis very true —— But ſee, we're come
To the Frontier that is, een at home.
Repoſe a while, pray, in the inner
Parler; and I'le go haſten Dinner.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

How ſuddainly theſe Brothers twain
Fell out? how ſoon they'r Friends again?
Could any man alive imagine
Peace after ſuch a huff and raging?
Well: though I ſay't that ſhould not ſay't,
True Love cannot be long in hate.

So

So have I seen (as Poets say)
Domestick Dudgeon in a Fray.
When Coblers Wife 'gainst Cobler, for
Prerogative, denounces War.
Cob calls *Tib* Bitch, and takes his stirrup
With which he vows he will firk her up.
But *Tib* as valerous as a Lass
As er'e *Penthesilea* was,
Scorns to turn Tail on any man,
But bids him do the worst he can:
Then snatches up a basting Ladle.
With which she vows to break his Nodle.
And to defend her self from him,
Takes for a buckler her Wheel Rim.
Thus arm'd, they both begin the fight
With all the Conduct requisite.
Fury had but a while run loose,
When *Cob* was glad to begg a Truce:

And

And *Tib*, who was no Jew nor Heathen,
Granted a time we call a breathing.
Now *Cob* takes up his Awle and Pinser,
As the best Weapon to convince her.
Tib changes hers too, and thinks fit
To play it out at single Spit.
So skilfully she Fenc'd and Parry'd,
That the poor Cuckold she soon weari'd.
At length when Female Rage wat spent,
Tib to a Treaty does consent.
Then over half a dozen of stale—
Beer, or perhaps Beer and Ale,
Which *Cob* had sacrific'd to Peace,
All's well again; and Discords cease.
Thus 'twixt the Brothers it has been:
First they fall out, and then fall in.
O what a *Jilt* is *Gammer Fortune*!
No Weather-cock is more uncertain.

A Spinster of so rough a hand,
That when her work seems at a stand,
She gives her Wheel a whisk o'th' suddain,
And stirs all round like Hasty Pudden.

ACT. IV.

Nuncius. Chorus.

Cho. Pray Master *Nuncius*, what does vex ye?
If one may be so bold to ax' ye.

Nun. Oh! heavy News as happen'd ere yet!
So heavy I can scarcely bear it.

Cho. Ah well away, this does so quell me
I could e'en cry, before you tell me.

But

But let us hear it, with your favour,
How bad so er'e the Tale does savour.

Nun. For Loves sake tarry but a little,
And you shall know it ev'ry tittle.
I'me one that need but little dunning:
Only I'me out of breath with running.
Aye me. Alas, alas, Highoe.——
Sirs, in the first place you must know,
There were three dainty Tabby Cats
Thyestes loved as well as *Brats*.
Nay sure no *Chuck* nor *Child* could be
So dear to him as were these three.
I, and they were such pretty Creatures,
No *Miss* could match dear *Puss* for Features.
Sweetly they'd pur, and briskly they
Would lye upon their backs, and play.

But

But if by chance they caught a Mouſe
Lord! how they'd dance about the houſe?
And having found the little Creature,
They allwaies courſe her er'e they eat her.
While Noble ſport *Thyeſtes* found
'Twixt *Muſs* the Hare, & *Puſs* Grayhound.
Now when our Neighbour Gaffer *Atreus*
Seem'd to his Brother very gracious:
Late ſending to *Thyeſtes* Greeting,
He bid him to a merry Meeting;
To which his welcome ſhould be ſuch,
That even his Dog ſhould have as much:
His love to him was ſo ſincere,
That any thing of his was dear.
This was his Meſſage; and ith' end on't—
Pray bring along the *Cur* appendant.
At this *Thyeſtes* heart was truly,
Soft as *May-Butter* is in *July*:

And

And melted down into his breeches,
To hear his *Brothers* kind beſeeches.
But being well Educated, he
Did in this manner Repartee.
He tells him firſt that he will come;
But fears to be too troubleſome.
Next, with due thanks, he does confeſs
He keeps no Dog, nor great nor leſs.
A Leaſh of Cats, indeed, he ner'e wants;
And they are his moſt humble Servants.
The Meſſenger a man of Honour,
Reply'd in this obliging manner.
He loves a Puſs as well as any:
Bring all your Cats though ner'e ſo many.
And when you are at Dinner ſet,
They ſhall be into th' Dayry let;
Where they new Milk & Cream ſhall lap:
I, and ſome Firmity perhaps.

Chor.

Chor. This was all done *en Chevalier.*

Nun. True, but the ſad Tale ends not here.

Thyeſtes comes, as he was pray'd,
With his Retinue aboveſaid.
Atreus in very civil faſhion
Gives him a kind Accomodation,
Pray take a ſeat, quoth he, I'le wait
Upon you, deareſt *Brother*, ſtrait.
VVhen out the door he opening wide,
Beckons the Kittins a to ſide.
Suſpecting nought, they follow; whom
He leads into a Drawing Room,
Which was a neat convenient place
Contriv'd juſt under the ſtair-caſe.
VVhen ſeeing his advantage pat,
He ſnickles up the Eldeſt Cat.

While

While the reſt wonder what the man ment,
Eſteeming this coarſe Entertainment,
He hits me one full on the Sconce
With a *Battoon* made for the nonce.
So well the blow he re-inforc'd
That *Puſs* muſt needs give up the Ghoſt;
Had her Nine Lives been twenty one
Her Leaſe was now not worth a bone.
In *fine*, he kill'd the other laſtly,
Though the poor Creature look't moſt Gaſtly.

Cho. O *Ruthfull Act!* —— *Nun.* 'Twas ſad indeed:
But ſadder that which did ſucceed.

Cho. Can there be worſe then this is ſtill?

Nun. Yes, this is but a Peccadill.

Cho. Did he for Hawks-meat keep the Carren?
Or hang 'em up in the next Warren.
Nun. Would it had been as you have ſaid.
No: he inſulted o're the dead.
And in a ſtrain moſt furious,
Spoke thus to each deceaſed *Puſs*.
Butchers are ſcarce, and dear their Meat:
You'l make a moſt obleiging Treat.
Delitious Diet, oh how rare!
Then reckons up his *Bill* of *Fare*.
This ſhall a roaſted *Cony* be.
And this ſhall make a *Fricaſee*.
And thou, quoth he, that there doſt lye,
Sha't make an excellent *Hare-Pye*.
Briefly, he cook'd 'em: lay'd the Cloath:
Then ſerv'd them in; but firſt ſome broth,

And

And now *Thyestes* (oh sad thought!)
Eats his own Cats, suspecting nought.
Methinks 'tis very dark; I think
I'de best go in and light a Link.

Exit.

Chorus.

Noble *Don John* of *Aries*,
What is it does you thus displease.
What makes you hide behind a Cloud
That pretty Face, as if grown proud?
Has some *Star-Gazer* wrong'd your Fame,
Using, to Vouch a Lye, your Name?
And we who hate their Impudence
Are punisht thus for their Offence?
'Tis a sad thing, and to be pitty'd,
That where a Felony's committed,

A Jury of *Albumazars*
Find *Billa vera* of the *Stars*;
As *Acceſſarys*, *ſcilicet*
By knowing and concealing it.
Nay ſome there are who in their writing
Pronounce 'em guilty by inciting.
If any miſs a Ring or Spoon
Strait theſe examine Miſtreſs *Moon*,
As Queen of *Nimmers*, or what's worſe,
Executrix of *Moll Cut-Purſe*.
Never was *Bull* ſo bated as is
Taurus by theſe well-willing *Aſſes*.
The *Twins* cannot imbrace in quiet,
Nor do that thing which they don't pry at.
Cancer hath been ſo teaz'd, and took up,
That he ſtarts back if they but look up.
Virgo they've ſo abus'd, they force her
To looſe her Name, and take a *Coarſer*.

For

For who can think her Chaſt, with whom
Men ſo familiar are become?
And in the like abuſive faſhion
They vex each *Star*, and *Conſtellation*.
Leo can't fright 'em from it, no
Nor *Saggitare*, nor *Scorpio*:
But ſtill with their Impertinency's
They fret the *Stars* out of their ſences.
Yet muſt theſe *Almanack Scriblers*
Be to the *Planets* thought Well-willers.
So *Pedagogues* that fle the *Bum*,
In that do the *Boy's* Friends become.

ACT. I.

Atreus Solus.

SO: Now I ve taken a Revenge
Will be as Famous as *Stone-Henge*.
Succeeding Ages will ſcarce credit
What I have done, when they ſhall read it:
How kindly I did circumvent,
And treat him in a Puniſhment;
Yet gin't him too as home and fully
As ever Whore gave Clap to *Bully*.
To feaſt my Gueſt with his own Cat,
Is Paramount Revenge, that's flat.
But ſtill to mak't more Tragical,
Thyeſtes at my feet ſhall fall;
Dead drunk with double lanted Ale,
In which I le ſcrape my left Thumb nail.
Right!

Right; that will make a charming potion.
See where he comes to meet the motion,
Singing *Old Roſe*, and *Jovial Catches*.
But I'le retire a while; and watch his
Leaſure, without like a poor body,
Leaſt I diſturb the ſweet Melody.

Exit.

Enter Thyeſtes, *Singing.*

Thyes. Come lay by your Care, and—No, no,
That's not the Key, I am too low.
Try once more —— *Come lay by your Care*
And hang up your ſorrow —— I there!
What follows? oh —— *Drink on, he's a Sot*
That ere thinks of to morrow —— What,
Is fore-caſt bad? and is it naught
To drink a health to one's good Thought?

Me-thinks this Song is too too Frolick;
I'le try one that's more Melancholick.
Beneath a Mirtle ſhade —— But mum;
For now my Tears begin to come.
And whoſoever dares engage her,
I'le weep with *Maudlin* for a Wager.

Enter Atreus.

Atr. Brother, how is't? *Thy.* Thank ye, good *Brother*.
Pray how comes all this ſmoak & ſmother?

Atr. Smoak? where? *Thy.* Why all about the Room.
Ten Chimny's can't make ſuch a Fume.
Look where it riſes at your Feet:
It makes my Eyes run or'e to ſee't.

Atr. (*aſide.*) See, ſee, how the poor Baby cry's.
Sure 'tis the Ale works through his Eyes.

'Tis

'Tis even ſo, the ſottiſh *Drinker*
Is got as Fudled as a *Tinker*.
But that ſha'nt ſerve: I'le make him er'e
I've done, as drunk as any Bear.——
Brother, my Wife deſires to be
Remember'd to you, and de'e ſee;
Has ſent you here a merry Waſail,
Which is as good as ſhe, or as Ale
Cou'd make. A taſt of Love ſhe ment it,
And therefore Kiſt the Cup, and ſent it;
You underſtand me? *Thy.* Very well.
Thy Wife's an honeſt *Doxy-Dell.*——
Without all doubt, this cunning Gipſy.
aſide
Longs for once more, or I am tipſy——
Give me the Bowl—(*drinks*)— Now tell
the Quean
All's off; and ſhee'l know what I mean.
And

And hark ye. Tell her that I greet her
Kindly, and will not fail to meet her.

Atr. Good. — *Thy.* Hark ye, Brother, does your Room
Here, learn to dance? So I presume:
It turns upon the Toe so smoothly,
And quick withall, I tell you soothly,
It makes me giddy with its wheeling
Motion, and sets me to a Reeling——

Atr. Reeling, that's my Cue. Now I may
Discover the Intrigue o'th' Play.
Since in that door the Wind is got,
'Tis time to reconcile the Plot. ——
How do you like your Cats my Friend?

Thy. Well; but I dare not much commend
For fear you steal 'em; nor is this same
Fear vain and Pannique, for I miss 'em.

At.

Atr. 'Las they've miscarri'd all to day,
Some hang'd, some drown'd, as one may say
And 'cause they should not basely fall,
'Twas I, dear heart, that kill'd 'em all.

Thy. Was this done like a loving Brother?
Or like a Friend? Sure neither nother.
But let that pass. I'le spare my Curses——
Their skins will make me three good purses.
I'le goe and flea 'em. *Atr.* But the Jest is
You 'ave dined upon 'em, dear *Thyestes.*
And I both Butcher was, and Cook
To serve you Sir. *Thy.* Now I could puke.
O *Cuckold Cook* to Treat me thus!
O hated Hang-dog to hang Pus!
O Son of an old rotten Whore!
In *fine*—— I'le sleep and tell you more.

Lies down.

Atr.

Atr. Io, *Victoria*! now at last
Fy me, and Fortune thou art cast.
Lye there. Such Victories as these are
Will swell me up as big as *Cæsar*.
When the *High Germans* he bumbasted.
Less Triumph and content he tasted.
Even now, since thus my Brother fell,
I seem as tall as a High Constable.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

THus, Readers, have ye ſeen Thyeſtes Feaſt,
Both as a Hiſtory, and a Feſt:
The ſubſtance and the ſhaddow of the Play.
No doubt you are great Judges now--Faith ſay
Which Diet likes ye beſt, as 'tis before ye?
Or which of theſe you think the trueſt Story?
Whether Heroique Fuſtian dreſt in Meeter,
Or Mimmick Fare in Fingling Rhime ſounds ſweeter?
Which raiſes moſt Concern, which moſt ſurpriſe,
No Plot, no Characters, or no Diſguiſe?

Say

Say what you pleaſe of Seneca, *it is*
All one to him whether you Clap *or* Hiſs.
But know, th' applauſe which Stationers *deſire*
Is not ſo much to praiſe a Muſe *as buy her.*
What e're your Authors, *or your* Actors *think,*
Your Man of Trade admires not Claps, but
Chink.